

To: Mr. Michael Nichols

Dec. 17, 2007

I want you to meet my son, Mark Zelinsky, the man, not just the words I heard in the courtroom today; the man, who took me in to share his home in 1983, a year after his father, my husband, died.

Living alone for the year after Paul, my husband died was hard I knew I had to move even though my apartment held so many memories for me. I just couldn't afford to pay the rent any more.

I had already called Mark once to come over in the middle of the night because of the mouse I saw. He had an apartment about ten blocks away. I was terrified and didn't know what to do. How many times could I call Mark, once was too much

I remember how he looked when he came over. He didn't feel any better about catching the mouse than I did but he tried to catch it with a broom. He didn't know what else to do, he couldn't stay and didn't feel right leaving me, knowing I was scared to be alone. But he had to leave at six in the morning for work at Ames Research in Mt. View.

So Mark and I talked about sharing a place and how difficult it may be. I remember telling him that we won't always agree and he said, so we'll argue sometimes and that was OK with him.

We decided to compromise and move to the peninsula. Each of us would be giving up something, Mark's would have a shorter commute and give up his "kitchen" or independence and I would be gaining a place and adding a short commute.

Mark found a two-bedroom apartment in Millbrae and we ordered the moving van for both of us; he was packed long before me.

When Mark came over, expecting my packing to be well on the way, he found me standing in the middle of the floor, not even a picture had been moved Leaving the apartment and the city with all its memories was hard for me, even with mice in the apartment. Breaking up my home of more than twenty years. He realized how I felt and together we were able to get everything done

So started our life together that was in '83. We lived there two years than the landlord decided he wanted the apartment and again Mark was the one to find a place Change has always been very hard for me

He found a house in San Bruno, with a yard and a garage, two things

we didn't have in Millbrae. And there we stayed until ten years ago when we had saved enough money to buy a house.

None of this could have happened without Mark supporting me, and encouraging me, physically, emotionally and financially. From the time I had knee surgery in San Francisco, to the hospital in San Mateo for all the MRI s, Ultra Sound and radiology tests I had to take when they found a small lump in my lung.

Or when I had tests for an Ulcer, when they found blood where it should not have been. Or taking me to the eye doctor for my regular Macular Degeneration visits, plus the hernia surgery I had, or the pneumonia I had a short time ago. Or the tests I am in the midst of taking for my bladder after a speck of blood was found at my last physical. I know he is there for me; I'd be lost without him.

There are so many things that happen just in day-to-day living. Like when I tried to put the glass shower door back on its runners and it was too heavy for me, I thought it would drop, when I called him to help and he took care of it, The same thing happened with the garage door getting stuck on the runners so that I couldn't push it closed.

Or contracting with the Orken man two years because I saw a mouse in the house and having them check the house made me feel better even though he caught only one in all that time. , If Mark did happen to see a mouse anywhere he was careful not to mention it me so I wouldn't get upset since he thought the mouse probably left anyway.

There are so many little things each day, just generally taking care of the house and the yard and seeing to it that the birds have enough food in the feeders. There are really too many things to mention, I know I would be lost without him taking care of me. From his thoughtfulness in making sure the cereal I like is always in the house. To driving on the freeway instead of me cause he knows it makes me nervous. .

Those are just a few of what I see as the bigger things, move it, and so many more everyday things.

In writing this I see that it really isn't possible for me to mention all the things he does for me and how much I depend on him.

I just know that I feel safe and secure because Mark will be there for me whenever I need him.

So please take the man into consideration, not just the words

We realize it was a stupid thing he did but after being sent from one job to another without any real work to do for more than a year after the cut back at the tunnels where he worked for twenty five years earning the respect of his fellow workers. Than being tossed around to jobs that went nowhere would be rough for anyone. When he was given something to do there was no one to share it with, no one cared. What meetings were called were cancelled not always with his knowledge Until he started trying to fill his time with long lunches, sleeping, reading books, playing games on the computer with no one evening knowing he existed let alone was in his office. Finally exhausting many ways to fight boredom he turned to things he shouldn't have.

Trying to stay at work long enough to retire with a larger percentage of his retirement, so that if something medical came up with me or him, he'd be able to take care of the cost.

The thought of what may happen has been hell for him and me, thinking of being in the house alone, listening to the sounds that Mark would check out. Wondering what would happen if there was an emergency and no one here for me.

All the time thinking about what Mark may be going thru, a man who's face was white when he got home after driving thru heavy commute traffic.

When Mark is home I am safe and feel secure.

Sincerely,


Mrs. Evelyn Zelinsky
Mark's Mother